

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

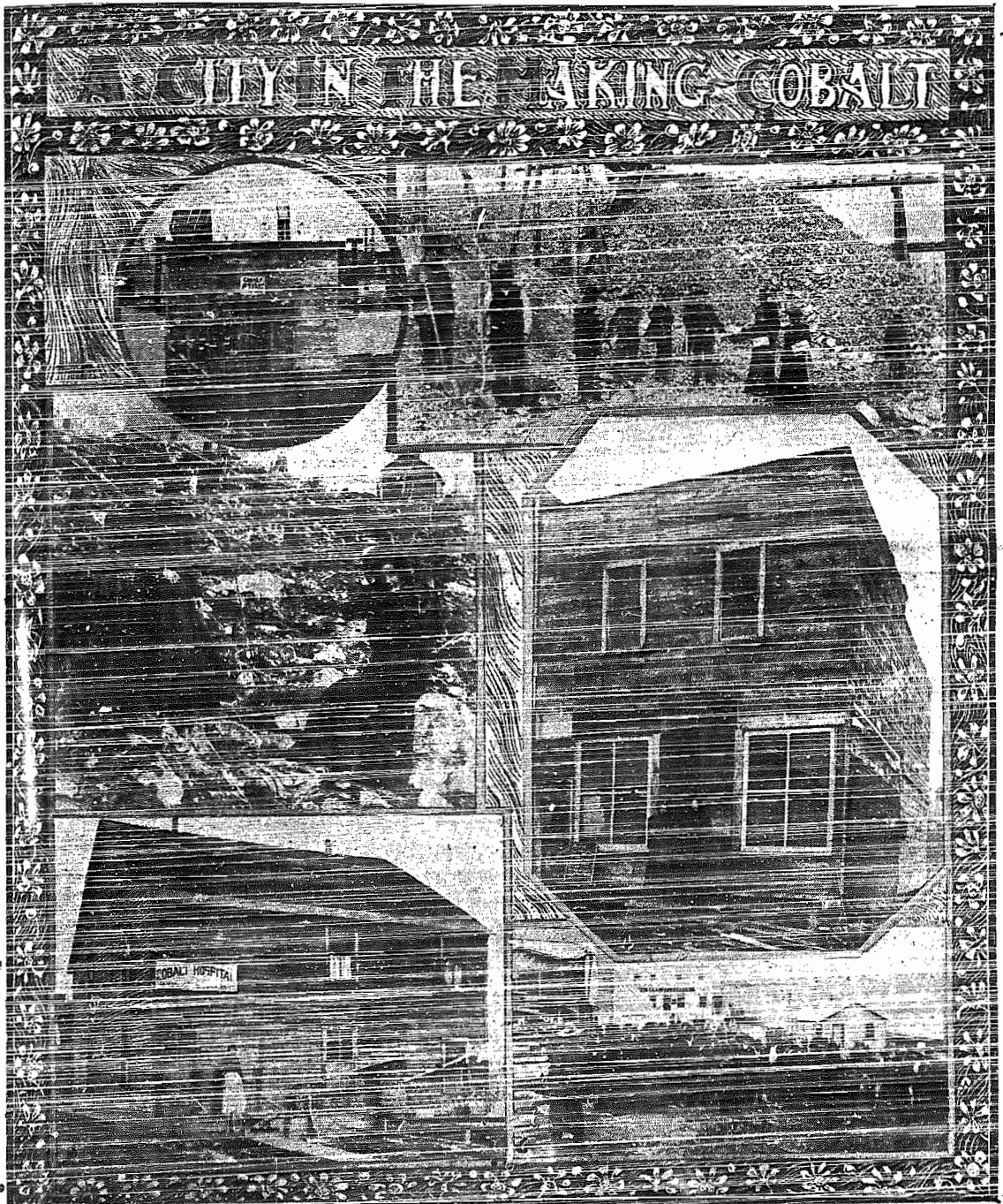
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WILLIAM BOOTH
EDITOR.

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THOMAS H. LARSEN,
COMMISSIONER.

Price, 2 Cents.



1. Captain Meader and Lieut. Thompson, in charge of the Salvation Army work at Cobalt. Landscape in this vicinity is a good example of the walking to the various silver mines, which are on the outskirts of the town proper, some little distance from the shack-congested town. The shaft houses and other buildings of the rich Buffalo mines appear at the top of the picture. 2. Engine House where the only two fire engines in Cobalt are kept, on the lake front from whence water is pumped through lines of hose to the scene of any fire that may take place. 3. Captain Meader and Lieut. Thompson, visiting the mines and disposing of War Cries to the miners. 4. S.A. Barracks at Cobalt. 5. Cobalt Hospital. 6. Open-air service, Cobalt mining camp.

Cutlets from Our Contemporaries

THE INTERNATIONAL STAFF BAND

Gratifying Records.

The Band's records are a constant reiteration of the same story—immense crowds in the streets, "the largest hall unable to accommodate those desiring admission, success everywhere, and a general state of things which may well justify the Bandmen being termed 'The Apostolic Musicians.'"

The Band does not exist for the mere display of musical ability. Its aim is the salvation of souls. Its success, therefore, as a spiritual force is encouraging to note. During the past five years of its work the Band has had the joy of seeing nearly two thousand persons at the Mercy Seat in its meetings, and communications have repeatedly been received from those converted or helped through its ministrations.

Thus a backslider of many years writes, thanking the Bandmen for their testimonies, which led him back to Christ; another for the rendering of an old song in a way that broke his heart; a third for having been led to Christ in his own home by a Bandman billeted there.

The men, as fishers, are excellent for dash and determination; and do not retire from a fight for souls until after a meeting has ended. As an instance of their general spirit may be mentioned a case occurring a few weeks since, when a Bandman, seizing upon a man under conviction in a Sunday morning's meeting, repeated his attacks persistently at each succeeding gathering, eventually leading him to the Mercy Seat at the close of the Monday evening's festival.—The Bandman and Songster.

DEAD ON THE FIELD.

A Promotion to Glory from the Open-Air Ring.

A few minutes after speaking at a West London open-air, Secretary J. Skinner, of Norland Caselle, was stricken down with fatal illness, passing away the same night.

Our promoted comrade, who has been a Salvationist for many years, and was widely known and respected

for his godly life and devotion to the War, took part in the meetings at Norland Castle on Sunday week. On the following night he was again to the front with his concertina in the open-air. In announcing the collection he said to the crowd: "Now friends, let us have a good collection. The Army is doing a splendid work, as shown by the testimonies of the converted drunkards you have just listened to. God bless the Army! God bless the General."

Comrade Skinner afterwards remarked to the Ensign that there was a class of people around the ring who might be impressed if he and his wife sang that striking composition of Commissioner Booth-Tucker's, "A guilty sinner, I was swiftly sinking."

The officer told the Secretary to sing after a comrade who was testifying had concluded.

Comrade Skinner crossed the ring to tell his wife to get ready for the next. Instead of doing so, however, he said when he reached her: "My dear, I am feeling very ill." Seizing him stagger, a comrade ran forward to his assistance, and it was at once seen that his condition was serious. A pathetic circumstance attending this sudden Home call is the fact that our comrade's daughter as well as his wife was in the ring at the time. The former, who is a soldier of the corps, had been urged by her father to come to the open-air at night. Fortunately, she was at her post.—British War Cry.

WHY SHOULD I DRESS NEATLY?

A Word to Young People.

What does it mean to be neat? The dictionary says to be trim, tidy, refined.

In view of these definitions there are many reasons why I should dress neatly.

The fact that I am a Christian is the main reason why I should study to be trim, tidy and refined in my appearance. "I profess to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—that is to say, I take Him for my example in every detail of my life. Jesus Christ came on earth to show me how to live, and therefore there is nothing connected with my everyday life that did

not concern Him also. I cannot imagine that the Son of Man, who had nowhere to lay His head, ever gave undue time or thought to His apparel. It is generally believed that His robes were of coarse material, such as would be most durable and serviceable. And I am sure He was never extravagant, nor ever used more money than was absolutely necessary for His clothing. I feel certain that He never studied to adorn His person, or to attract attention and admiration. I therefore take it that my aim should be to have those things that will be durable and serviceable, and that I (especially as a Salvationist) should not spend any needless time or thought upon the subject.—The Y. E.

COUNTING THE COST.

Prayer—and the Sergeant-Major.

The alum work in Liverpool has been the means of winning more than one bright trophy from the ranks of sin.

There is a Sergt.-Major in one of the city corps who owes his salvation and his happiness to the faithful efforts of the alum officers who dealt with him about his sin.

He had a miserable experience previous to conversion. His wife had left him and gone her own way. He had got linked up with another young woman, and it was no easy thing for their relations to be suddenly terminated, as they would have to be if either one or other of them decided to get converted.

The Sium officer learned the story, and dealt with both the girl and the young man about the matter. Taking charge of the corps one November, the officers prayed earnestly for the conversion of these two for months.

One Sunday morning, just before Easter, the two came to the meeting together, and sat visibly under the conviction of the Spirit, during the singing of the first song.

While the second song was being given out the girl came to the Mercy Seat, anxious at all costs to get right with God.

The meeting was at once turned into a battle for the souls of the erring couple. Then the man gave in, and

after a long struggle they both came to do right.

Next day the Sium Captain set about discovering what she could concerning the welfare and whereabouts of the runaway wife. Through the agencies of the Army Inquiries was made, and eventually it was found out that the woman had been dead upwards of twelve months.

Thus, the only barrier, which had hitherto existed which prevented the converts being legally married, was removed. The ceremony was thereafter duly announced and solemnized.

To-day they are good soldiers and Local Officers of standing and respect in Liverpool city.—Social Gazette.

As Possible Here as There.

What the Danish War Cry Did.

One tiny story, taken from the Danish "War Cry," may serve to show that the same methods which conquer in other lands prove successful also in Denmark.

In a certain little corps, where the work had been hard for a long time, some of the soldiers, led on by their officers, consecrated themselves specially to pray for the drunkards and to visit the public-houses. Armed with their "War Cry," and with their hearts full of Divine love and faith, they set forth, and in one week succeeded in reaching twelve well-known drunkards, who were not only interested and influenced for the moment, but truly converted, and are by this time, we believe, Salvation Army soldiers, helping in their turn, to rescue others.

A gigantic sea turtle was recently captured by a Californian fisherman; the monster weighs 1,902 pounds and its shell is five feet two inches from tip to tip. On its back is burned or carved this inscription:

"British ship, 'Sea-Brine,' Aug. 12, 1851, 3 South, 86 West. It found please notify Thomas Fletcher, Brawley 24, Rivington, Eng."

"It would appear from this fact that the turtle was captured twenty years ago in the South Pacific, and that it was released after the sailing had been burned on its shell.

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic: Pray for the success of the Young People's Campaign.

Sunday, July 14.—The Innocent.—1 Sam. xxiii. 16-19; xxiv. 2-20.

Monday, July 15.—Bad Man's Good Wife.—1 Sam. xxv. 2-38.

Tuesday, July 16.—Spared Once More.—1 Sam. xxvi. 2-25.

Wednesday, July 17.—God Silent.—1 Sam. xxviii. 3-20.

Thursday, July 18.—1 Sam. xxx. 1-25.

Friday, July 19.—Saul and Jonathan Die.—1 Sam. xxxi. 1-13.

Saturday, July 20.—David's Lament.—2 Sam. i. 1-27.

DAVID'S SADNESS.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Praying League Secretary.

"Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul?"—David, Ps. 43: 5.

David was depressed; he was in a state of melancholy. I can imagine I see him as, in a mood of utter dejection, he reclines upon luxurious cushions in one of the gorgeous apartments of that magnificent Eastern palace. Probably his harp, upon which his skillful fingers often moved, bringing forth notes of purest harmony and sweetest melody, stood silent and inanimate beside him. He had no desire to exercise the wondrous gifts of music and song which had cheered his lonely hours as a shepherd lad on the Bethlehem mountain side, made for him a welcome in the king's court, and earned that immortal appellation, "the sweet singer of Israel." Upon his heart weighed a torturing, tormenting burden of unrest, over his spirit swept an indescribable sense of loneliness and fear, a cloud as dense as midnight darkness overshadowed him, and seemed to obscure every gleam of light and obliterate every star of hope from his sky.

Oh, the impenetrable gloom which envelopes the spirit "cast down" with depression! All the happiness of the past is for the moment forgotten; the memory of the answered prayers of other days fades from the mind; the goodness of God in so often opening an unexpected turning in the road, in making a way of escape in that dire temptation, in sending balm and healing to the saddened spirit in time of bereavement and sorrow, in lifting up the head again when bowed with hopeless disappointment, in clearing up a misunderstanding which threatened to break the heart and blight the life, in the thousand ways that the cloud has been rifted—all for the time being, passes away, and nothing but a mysterious present appears to the mental vision, bringing a fear for the future, a doubt in God, an unhappy heart, and an indulged, a ruined spiritual life. What the specific cause of David's mood was the Psalm does not tell us, anyway the human heart cannot always give a reason for the

darkness which at such times sweeps over it.

Before speaking of the causes of depression, I want to say one thing—that in David's case, as in many other, it is no sign of a weak character. David was fearless and courageous. Witness him in the days of his noble young manhood, tearing to pieces the wild beasts in defence of his flock. See the youth of "countenance" bravely facing the giant who defied the armies of the living God, and, with no arrow in his confidence in his God, no weapon but the little stones from the bag in his pocket, felling to the earth the formidable foe. In the darkness sketchy given by Saul's servant in commending David to the king, one of the testimonies as to his fitness for the royal favor was that he was "a valiant man, a man of war." It was no wonder, therefore, of a lack of courage; but there must have been a cause for David's depression.

To be continued.

A CITY IN THE MAKING

With Some Impressions of Salvation Army Work in Cobalt.

BY AN OUTSIDER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"Breaking the road" is always a rough job, and this article shows in an exceedingly graphic and interesting manner what the pioneers of a city have to do. It shows also in a very pleasing light the efforts of the devoted officers of the Salvation Army in a new city, which, coming from one who does not wear the red jersey, is all the more cheering. Read this article. You will be charmed with it.



It was my duty, recently, to visit the mining camps of New Ontario and the few weeks spent at these frontier posts of human enterprise, which are attracting so much attention at the present time, were of great pleasure and profit.

Doubtless it will be of interest to the readers of the "War Cry" to learn something of the work of God under the direction of the Salvation Army in these mining camps, a work far more important than the winning of millions of dollars' worth of ore from the rich silver mines themselves.

In this money-mad age, and in a region where the very souls of men and women are so absorbed in the intensity of the struggle to gain hoped-for wealth, through a fortunate discovery of valuable ore, it is decidedly encouraging to know that some one is concerned regarding the really important things of life, and that the banner of the cross follows human beings even to the very outposts of civilization, and no matter in what part of the world, or how deep the wilderness in which men bury themselves, God's love follows them, and His messengers tell the sweet, old story of redeeming love to starving hearts and anxious souls.

A Refreshing Sight.

It was decidedly refreshing, therefore, that almost in the very hour of arrival, at the famous Cobalt camp, away up in North-western Ontario, to see the inspiring uniform of the Salvation Army in the crowd gathered about the post office, and to realize by the sight of that uniform that even in this remote mining camp God's children were busily engaged about their business for the Master.

Very close to half-past seven o'clock that evening the sound of girlish voices singing one of the grand old Gospel hymns attracted hundreds of people to the square, which is the business centre of the camp, a spot thickly populated at this hour of the evening.

Salvation Songs in Silver City.

Two young women officers, accompanied by nearly a dozen soldiers, were holding a very interesting open-air service, surrounded by a densely packed ring of miners, prospectors, visitors, and townspeople, who listened very respectfully and somewhat eagerly, it seemed, to the sweet songs and thrilling appeals of the wholly in earnest officers and soldiers.

How sweetly the words rang out—"So tender His compassion; so gentle was the call.

So earnest His entreaty, to sinners one and all;

He wooed and won them to Him, by love, and this is why, I long to be like Jesus, and meet Him in the sky.

And it seemed as if the listeners could not hear enough of that beautiful chorus—

"Shall you, shall I, meet Jesus by and by?
So safely reach the glory land,

And swell the songs of the angel band.

Shall you, shall I?

I have heard open-air services, conducted by the Army and by various religious bands, in many places, in cities of deep culture, in centres of tremendous business activity, among the fisher folk of the Atlantic coast, in the farming towns of Eastern Canada, in the busy manufacturing cities of New England, or on the crowded streets of New York, under various conditions, some very stirring, some quite matter of fact, but never did a service appear so impressive as

The multitude itself a study of absorbing interest, all nations and tongues intermingling, with little thought of social caste or condition. The tall, alert, tense-eyed, finely knit, strong-framed prospectors and mining engineers, the swarthy miners, the bustling townspeople, the well-dressed visitors from famous financial centres, the ill-kempt foreigners, the business men and the camp follower, the determined and the energetic, the successful and the failures, the workers and the dreamers, all combining to make up a picturesque and cosmopolitan a gathering as could

be seen in words of hearty commendation of the chivalry and generosity of the miners and townspeople, who have greeted the pioneers of the Army work with entire friendliness, and have shown them that fine spirit of fair play, which demands for themselves a chance in this new world of strenuous endeavor, and which seems to declare in spirit, if not in words, that these Salvationists shall have full opportunity to carry on their work without insult, annoying remarks, or intimidation from any one.

Officers Appreciated.

It is to the honor of the camp that these things are so, and the Army officers evidently appreciate the kindness of the people, wherever they meet them, in their meetings, in paying visits or "War Cry" selling.

Something of the life of the officers in the Cobalt camp should be of decided interest. The work in this camp has been in progress less than two months, since the corps was opened by Captain Edith Meader and Lieut. Thompson, assisted by Divisional Officers. To have permanent charge, Headquarters selected two very earnest and talented officers in Captain Meader and Lieutenant Thompson, workers who have gained the sympathy of the townspeople from the very start.

Public meetings are held each evening, except Mondays and Tuesdays. On Mondays the officers of Cobalt, New Liskeard and Haileybury meet together for a union service in one of the three towns named, which brings them to Cobalt every third Monday evening, for an open-air, followed by a public gathering in the Army Hall. These weekly exchanges of visits are very helpful and encouraging to the officers and interesting to the public. Tuesday evening is set aside for the soldier's gatherings.

Not Easy Work.

The public gatherings, both open-air and in the hall, are always well attended. The people listen attentively to the burning words of the officers and soldiers, and great good is being accomplished. At the end of the first month eleven converts have been made, and many others were under strong conviction. The officers expect to soon have a large band of faithful soldiers to assist them.

One handicap to the work is the remoteness of the hall from the business centre of the town. The only available hall that could be secured when the work was started, is located off on a side street, some distance from the public square. The officers hope that God will open up the way for them to get a more commodious hall nearer the square, before the summer is over.

Visiting in Cobalt is no easy matter, but, nevertheless, the officers do not shirk this important duty. There are no sidewalks, and in wet weather the streets are ponds of mud and water, the walking is rough and practically, an impossibility at night, on the dark and unmade streets. Stumps and rubbish litter many of the latter, and the houses and shacks are built with no



Prospectors Looking at the Ore Vein on the Famous Lawson Property, one of the Richest Mines in Cobalt. The Vein Exposed at this Point Shows Ore of Great Richness and so Plentiful that it May be Cut From the Rocks With a Penknife.

this ring-side gathering away up in the great silver camp of New Ontario.

A Sight to Remember.

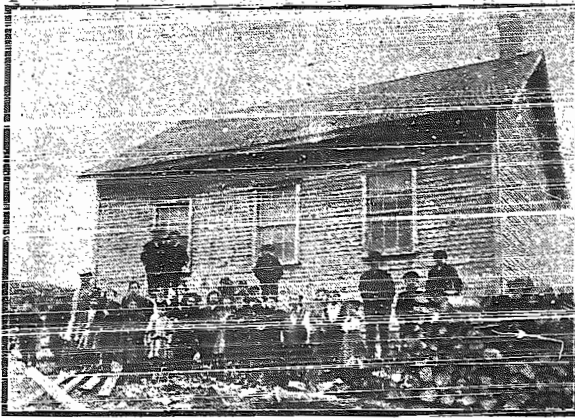
Just imagine the setting of as "brilliant a scene as man can ever witness—the public square in the valley by the side of Lake Cobalt, the busy railway station between the square and the lake side, various business blocks more or less pretentious and imposing to the south-west, straggling streets leading off in almost all directions, stumps yet appearing in most of the roadways, the valley bounded by high hills stretching away into the distance; these hills topped by mining shafts and the myriad equipment of the camps, almost every bit of the sky line broken by the tall chimneys of the power houses; on the east the silvery waters of the lake reflecting the black smoke of the passing railway engines, the hillsides covered by hundreds of rambling shacks, the entire picture one of bustling, busy enterprise, the crowning interest being the brave little band of Salvationists, and the eager multitude surrounding, almost breathless in their attention.

he found in any part of this old world, no matter what the occasion or where the location.

Of the thrilling appeals of the intensely in earnest officers who speak at length? It was the same story, the same love, the same solicitude, the same eagerness, the same determination to reach the very souls of the listeners, the same spirit of Christ that true children of God, Salvationists or otherwise, ancient apostles and martyrs, or modern missionaries of the cross, have put into the work of winning men's souls for God, in all countries and in all periods of the Gospel dispensation. But it seemed so fitting, so suited to the needs of the listening people gathered about this interesting ring-side.

A Courteous Crowd.

How quietly and courteously the crowd listened! There was none of the rude jeering so often heard in the large cities on many similar occasions. In fact, inquiry of the officers brought out from them the statement that in these new mining camps of Ontario, they have been met with the utmost courtesy, and they



Public School at Cobalt.

idea of regularity or conformity to the street line.

Few of the streets are named, hundreds of houses are situated out near the mining camps, away from any semblance of streets, quite surrounded by stumps and all sorts of obstructions, yet no one has ever heard the officers complain of the difficulties of getting about the camp on their errands of mercy and love.

The Strenuous Life.

Home life must of necessity be of the most strenuous nature in a mining camp of this description. All the water for cooking, drinking, washing, cleaning or any purpose must be brought from a distance, and is purchased from the regular dealers in this commodity. Drinking water costs from ten to twenty-five cents a gallon. Milk is practically out of the question, and quite beyond the means of Army officers, except the canned variety. Living expenses are decidedly high, almost 33 to 75 per cent. more than in Toronto, for instance, and some articles more than 100 per cent. higher. Almost all provisions are very expensive, and many things impossible to get. Canned goods are quite the staple food. Coal brings \$12.00 a ton, gas, there is none, street lights unknown, sewers unheard of, and the privations of camp life many and varied. There are no, plastered houses, and even tiny rooms in shack-like buildings cost from \$7.00 to \$15.00 a month.

Primitive Conditions.

There is considerable immediate danger of a serious conflagration in

the camp in the summer weather, the many shacks and great quantities of refuse adding to the hazard. It is well to keep trunks packed for sudden flitting in case of necessity. Cobalt has had no serious fire, and many argue that the camp will continue to

dissipated by the sun, rain and wind. In hot weather the odors are not particularly agreeable, and the danger of infection not far removed, though it is to be hoped that the camp will continue to be free from either fire or epidemics.

Despite the primitive conditions, and unlovely surroundings, the officers patiently and faithfully carry on their work, and the thought of surrender or desertion from duty is not for an instant entertained.

Yet, it takes much courage, undoubtedly, to go about with smiling faces and unflinching hearts, facing difficulties and responsibilities, and the labors that are body-tiring and nerve-racking at times, even under the most kindly conditions. Delicately nurtured girls might well be appalled at the magnitude of their task, but if there are moments of discouragement and bodily weakness, no one is ever aware of this by any intimations or admissions from the officers.

No Time for Weeping.

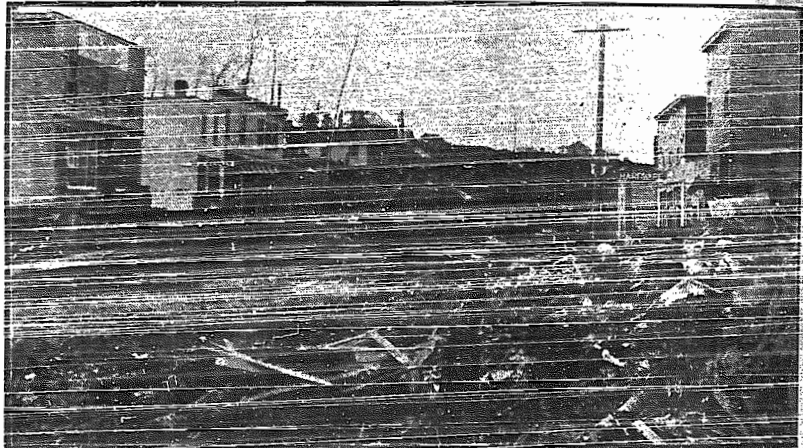
In the all-absorbing labor of love towards the needy hearts of the people, there is little time for weeping, no opportunity to let the thoughts dwell on the hardships of

to the miners of these distant camps to attend the meetings and listen to the songs and testimonies.

It is a noble work that the officers in the mining camps are carrying on, of which Cobalt is the most conspicuous example, because of its being the largest silver camp in Canada, and one of the most noted in the world.

The train draws slowly away from the station. Already the crowd, restlessly impelled to attend the departure of the night express for Toronto and civilization, begins to melt away.

Off to the left, the placid waters of Lake Cobalt lie in calm repose, broken only by the ripple made by a passing canoeist, as they mirror in their silvery depths the tall shafts of the many mining plants; on the right, the straggling town of mushroom buildings, some grotesquely imposing, many mere shacks; the business, the lazier, the rabble, in the centre of which, a ring of humanity intently listening to the raving music led by the great voice of the youthful officers, playing music, at intervals punctuated by the boom, boom of exploding black &



Ordinary Street Scene in Cobalt.

This is Silver St., One of the Principal Thoroughfares of the Town

escape, though supplied with only the most crude fire protection, and having masses of inflammable material on every hand.

There are no garbage collections, and all refuse is thrown outside the houses and shacks to remain until

the warfare. How can discouragements count when there are so many precious souls who are in darkness, and who must be reached by the loving messages of salvation? Hearls of pity and love for dying humanity give relief from loneliness, and rejoicing over one's snatched from the burning more than compensate for the dangers of the battle. No time to falter when the enemy is so alert.

Sidelights on the Army work are many, chief of which is the arrival of the daily mail, with cheering news from the outside world. Methinks if friends of officers on frontier duty only realized the cheer and encouragement that letters can convey to those in the forefront of the battle, they would write about your letters to every one that is answered, just to have their little part in the helping to hold up the hands of those on active duty.

A Noted Camp.

Then there are occasional trips to the mines to talk to the miners, or dispose of "War Cry." The visits from outside officers and friends to give variety to the routine work. Many of the large mines are so far distant from the town, and the trails so bad that they cannot be reached. However, kindly invitations are sent

the distant mines, over all the bright new moon shining from a deep blue sky, just losing the golden glints of a glorious sunset, all combining to make a picture no artist on earth could do justice to.

A Pleasant Memory.

How glad I was that the last time to remain on my memory of this Northern camp of silver was of the courteous miners surrounding us earnestly pleading officers, and the last sounds the thrilling words of the triumphant song:

"I have no other argument,
I want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me."

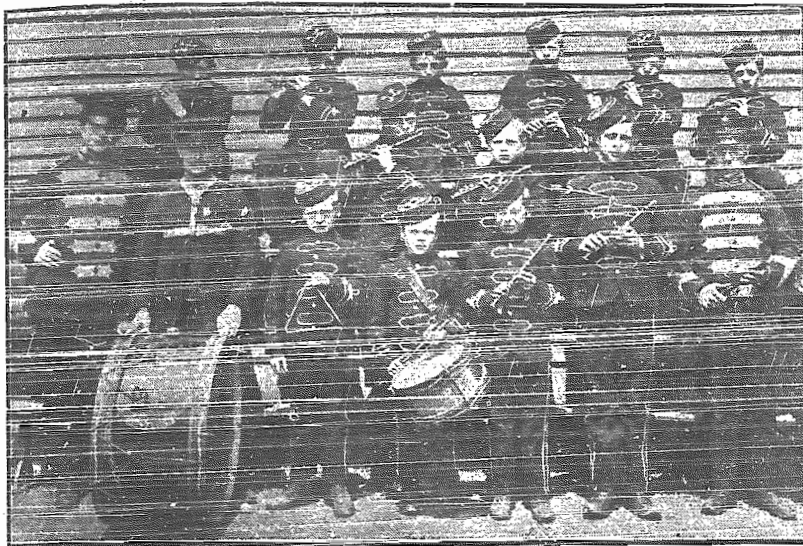
Good-bye Cobalt—In the most eternity to come will the verdict be made known, the picture be painted in its true beauty, the music attain to its full melody. Many souls will mingle with that great throng in white robes, redeemed through the blood of the Lamb, who were impelled by God's Spirit to accept the crown of mercy, as held out to them in words of winning love by these same Salvation Army workers in this silver square of this wonderful mining camp.—E. S. S.



Delivery of Water in Cobalt.

All drinking water has to be transported from Montreal or Toronto.

PICTURES & PARAGRAPHS.



The Junior Drum and Fife Band of St. John's, Newfoundland.

A Startling Suggestion.

He Obeyed It, and For Fifteen Years
God Has Kept Him True.

A poor drunkard stood around an Army open-air one night, just as miserable as he could be. When the time came for the collection he searched all his pockets to find a cent to throw on the drum, but he had not a copper left—the saloon keepers had it all, and he was a physical and mental wreck through what he had bought of them.

Just then a voice spoke to his heart, saying, "Give yourself." It came so clear that the poor drunk was startled for a moment, but when he realized his lost and miserable condition, and came face to face with the fact that he had nothing else to give to God but the remainder of his life, and that if he did not do so then he might never have such another chance, he rushed across the street, and throwing himself on his knees at the drum, he cried out, "Here, Lord, I'll give myself; take me if I am worth anything, and if not, kill me here and now."

Right there he received the witness that God had pardoned the past, and he arose from his knees a new creature in Christ. That was fifteen years ago and to-day he is a respected and useful local officer in the Army, never tired of telling how God saved his soul.

The Song That Awoke Him.

He Realized He Was Not Fit For
Heaven.

A young man was sitting alone in his garden on a Sunday morning at a little country town. On that day, the Salvation Army Officer who had charge of the local corps was farewelling, and the band, therefore, played some suitable selections.

At the open-air that morning they struck up, "Yes, I'll meet you at the Fountain," and the sound of the familiar tune reached the young fellow in the garden. He knew the words, he had often sung them, but somehow or

other, they struck home to his soul that morning.

"Meet you at the Fountain," he mused. "I shall never meet my friends there in the awful state I am in now—I am a big sinner."

All that day the thought stuck to him, and he had no rest in his mind. That night he went to the farewell meeting and plunged into the fountain and got cleansed from sin. To-day he marches the streets as a soldier of the Salvation Army, singing songs of invitation to other sinners. He believes that if it had not been for the open air meeting that morning, he would never have been converted.

Mother Paid for it

A certain soldier had a distinct call to become an officer, but her people were very much opposed to her leaving home and a good situation for a life of uncertainty and perhaps hard-

ness. She felt sure however, that God was leading her, and so she persevered and through her firmness won the day.

On one occasion she wrote to her mother, who was away at the time, and told her that she wanted to show by her dress that she was a real Christian, and therefore she meant to get an Army bonnet.

The reply she received was "You are old enough to please yourself, but as to the bonnet, I shall never like it."

On the mother's return, she found her daughter wearing the bonnet. Two years after the girl was a Field Officer, and at Christmas she received a letter from home, part of which read as follows: "I really don't know what to send you for a present, but get a new bonnet, and I'll pay for it."

Needless to say, that officer went down before God, and thanked Him for the wonderful way in which things had come round.

The Preacher's Conversion.

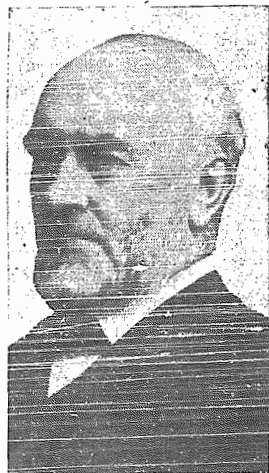
A Rather Startling Occurrence.

There had been a "Special Go" on at the corps that night. The band from a neighboring town had given a musical programme in the barracks, and everyone had enjoyed themselves. It was very hard to get billets in the town, and so the visitors had to content themselves by lodging in the barracks all night.

"We shall pray before we go," the Captain said, as she was bidding the Bandsmen good-night; so they all knelt down and offered up several fervent petitions to God for blessing on their further efforts.

As they were praying, a man came staggering into the hall under the influence of drink. He was powerfully convicted by what he saw and heard and asked that he might be prayed for.

There and then he was pressed to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and after a while he arose from his knees a saved and sober man. He then confessed that he was a preacher and was on his way to conduct the services at a neighboring town. He had never seen the harm of drinking a glass or two before that night. It was the first time he had entered an Army Barracks, but he thanked God he had been led there. He went out determined to quit drinking for ever, and, we hope, to confess to his congregation that he had lived before them and preached before them as an unconverted man.



SIR WM. MORTIMER CLARK.

It will be remembered that the General, on his recent visit to Toronto, was the guest of the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, who, we feel sure that our readers will be glad to learn has been the recipient of the King's favor and a Knighthood.

This is a well-merited recognition of the dignified and efficient manner in which Sir Mortimer Clark has filled the office of Lieutenant Governor. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, seventy-one years ago, was called to the Scottish Bar fifty years ago, and came to the place of the King's Deputy in Canada in 1855. He was appointed Ontario in April 1903. There is no citizen of Toronto more worthy of the King's favor.



Sisters Rogers and Watts, of St. John I., N.B.

These Comrades Have Been Good Soldiers for a number of years and are Valiant War Cry Boomers; taking Quite a Delight in Selling the Papers. They Sell About a Hundred a Week Between Them.

Glance at the World.

CANADIAN.

On June 21st, the Canadian Grain Commissioners inspected the Bristol docks, and were afterwards entertained to dinner.

Mr. Miller, one of the Commissioners, said Canada would produce in the next decade, two hundred million bushels of wheat, the most of which would be sent abroad.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway will be completed by the end of the present season to the two hundred mile post.

Further protests have been made against what are described as the inroads which are continually being made by United States concerns, in the halibut fishing industry of the British Columbia coast. At a recent meeting at New Westminster, a resolution was passed to the effect that special representations be made to Ottawa, calling upon the Government to provide more revenue cutters for the coast, in order that the Canadian halibut banks may be properly protected.

Hunting, taking and killing of English or Mongolian pheasants in Ontario, has been prohibited for a period of three years, from September 15th, 1907, and the purchase or sale of partridge, quail, snipe and woodcock, for a period of three years, from the same date.

"There is," said the Hon. N. Mon-teith, the Minister of Agriculture, "no reason to be pessimistic over the crop outlook. It seems certain that the hay and oat crop will be a little short, and straw in general may not be as plentiful as usual, but on the whole I think it will turn out all right. Wheat will also likely be well up to the average, although the lateness may have a tendency to make it a little undrained."

WORLD-WIDE.

As seven men were moving a big steel boiler through the yard of a Staten Island soap factory, the stack of the boiler suddenly came in contact with live overhead wires, and four of the seven were instantly killed, and two more at the last hearing were still unconscious.

A ukase has been issued by the Czar giving the Governors of eight provinces power to suspend newspapers, banish, imprison or fine whomsoever they will, without the authority of the courts. These provinces include all the seas of Russia not already under martial law.

The French navy is again the victim of some one's carelessness. The submarine boat "Cymote", just ready to leave the dry dock at Toulon, is said to have been rendered useless for further service by some one letting the water into the dock and completely submerging her.

Martuz Mhuhi Khan, a bandit chief, is waging war and destroying villages in the North-west Province of Persia.

The Monarchist party in Portugal are it is no use to appeal any further to the Crown, all that is left for them to do is to pledge themselves to the nation to work to secure the rights of individuals and the stability of the constitution.

North Carolina revenue officers, after a stiff fight with rifles, in which several hundred shots were exchanged, destroyed thirteen illicit stills through Stoke County, and returned to Asheville jail with thirty-five moonshiners.

IMPRESSIONS OF MY TRIP TO ENGLAND

By BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.



BRIGADIER SOUTHALL,
The Trade Secretary.



E experienced a sense of relief and satisfaction during the Sabbath day the good ship "Canada" ran along in sight of the Irish coast. About midnight we realized the anchor was being run out, and an effort to arouse ourselves to reach the port hole was rewarded by a myriad of star lights glistening in every direction, which proclaimed to us that we had reached Liverpool in safety. For some time I gazed, now in one direction, now in another, and as sounds of chains died away, and quietness reigned, it seemed as though a voice cried out of the stillness: "England—old England!"

How large she seemed to have suddenly become—for at the perspective of 3,000 miles, and viewed from limitless plain, and mighty mountain fastnesses, she had seemed small—almost pitifully so. But now she towers majestically in our mind's eye, and we almost bow in reverence at the remembrance of her might, and marvel at her place and influence among the nations. "England!—old England!"—the echo charms us, and the words of the poet:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own—my native land!"

are forcibly brought to memory as these thoughts fill through the mind.

The Old Corps.

Naturally the first place to visit would be the old home and corps—Hereford. As my native city, and the place of my spiritual birth, it possessed many happy memories. A peculiar feeling took possession of me as the tower of the venerable old cathedral was suddenly presented to our sight. What an epitome of the fleeting character of human greatness that old building itself furnishes in its tombs of abbots, monks, bishops and knights, whose dust has reposed there from 700 or 800 years ago to the present day!

Almost adjacent to it is another

powerful testimony to the same truth—the old Roman wall. Like the Em-pire that wrote its name large on all parts of the world, but of which scarcely a remnant remains, so the old wall, once the guarantee of strength and protection, has but a few yards of crumbled masonry to point to its former greatness. So on all things human, however great and mighty, we find ultimately the inscription indelibly written, "Sic transit gloria mundi." (So passes away earthly glory.) Mournful sounds weak, but these great facts are surely mighty monitors, ever calling us to seek the glory that is imperishable, and to lay up treasure "where moth and rust doth not corrupt."

A Gratifying Record.

In the midst of these "dead things of the past," however, there are active agencies of living power, and by no means the least is the fine Army corps, with its splendid brass band. For a quarter of a century in this quiet old cathedral city it has gone forth, echoing in stentorian tones the call to life. From the tombs of human degradation, and from the death shadows of a dead religion, the call has awakened echoes and new impulses, and the breath of life brought strength and hope, until the roll of redeemed ones on earth or in heaven, as a result of the sanctified labors of the old corps, presents a record I believe that is gratifying to angels, and to Him in Whose Name these wonders have been wrought.

The F. O. and his locals had determined to make the most of our presence, and we found ourselves "billed" for the Sunday, and a lecture on "Canada" for the Monday. The Sunday meetings were full of deep spiritual tone and blessing, and it was refreshing to see old warriors of the early days as eager for blessing and service as of old.

The barracks was filled with a fine crowd on Monday night. His Worship the Mayor presided, and after saying many nice things about the Army, and the blessing it had been to the city, introduced me to the audience. I endeavored to take my hearers on an imaginary trip through our glorious country. Perhaps they thought it was an "El Dorado," but I endeavored to show that we had a few degrees of frost and a mosquito or two, in case later experience might cause them to doubt my veracity.

The Army.

One cannot travel in England, I imagine, without being tremendously impressed with the realization that the Army holds a high place in the confidence and esteem of all classes of the people. Perhaps it appears more marked to one who has been absent for a number of years, but in any case there is no mistaking it. The attitude of the people, the enquiries that are made, the tokens of respect everywhere, certainly offer abundant evidence to the most indifferent observer as to the factor the Army has become in exerting a powerful and healthy influence in the great moral affairs of the nation.

Not the least of these influences, one would judge by the attention it has

commanded, is the Emigration Department. The Army's ability in discriminating and selecting, and then in transporting and placing in suitable surroundings, whole families and ship-loads of people, has astounded even eminent business people by its daring conception, and more, by its success, which is as unique as the idea itself.

But then, what is the use of "specializing" and "differentiating"—big words—never mind, it's a good one—What part or phase of the Army's activities could be abolished and not weaken the whole? One fits into the other. The reason it can "do things" is because, though separate in its departments, it forms a complex but complete whole.

(Concluded next week.)

EXCURSION BY MOONLIGHT

A Pleasant Trip, Enjoyed by Music and Song.

The city corps of Toronto united last Wednesday, June 26th, for an evening trip on the lake. The S. S. Cayuga was chartered for the occasion, and the whole affair was under the direction of Brigadier Taylor. At 8.30 p.m. sharp she steamed out from the wharf with a crowd of about six hundred people on board, mostly Salvationists and their friends. The lake was rather choppy, and a cool breeze was blowing, but mostly everyone enjoyed the three hours' cruise around, and the time passed pleasantly in listening to the music, chatting with friends, or admiring the scenic effects produced by a thick cloud bank, a full bright moon, and the rippling waters.

The Lippincott and Lisgar Bands played by turns in the forward part of the ship, and the Riverdale boys occupied the saloon deck aft, and introduced some variety into the proceedings by a sing-song. Brewer Brown was to the front with a free-and-easy solo, the chorus of which was taken up with great enthusiasm, and a Scotch bandsman greatly interested the crowd by relating the history of how a certain man learns to sing a new song. As the boat neared the wharf the band struck up "The Maple Leaf," and then concluded by playing "God Save the King."

A Young Man Who Stood the Test

And Got the Loan.

Horace E. Claffin, one of the most prominent and wealthy dry-goods merchants of New York, was alone in his office one afternoon when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claffin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments, because parties failed to do by me as they agreed to. I and I would like to have \$10,000. I come to you because you have been a friend to my father, to my mother, and might be a friend to me." "Come in," said Claffin, "come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar, then?" "No, I never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might. Good-day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claffin, "you don't drink?" "No!" "Nor smoke, nor gamble, nor anything else of the kind?" "No, sir!" "Well," said Mr. Claffin, with tears in his eyes, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have \$5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. No thanks; I owed it to you for your father's sake."

Greatest Living Men Converts Give Their Experience. Personalities.

The General Takes Second Place to King Edward in a Popular Competition.

One of our London contemporaries, "The Reader," has, by means of a popular competition, been endeavoring to ascertain the views of its large circle of readers, who, by merit of influence and achievement, may be justly regarded as the greatest living men of to-day. The vote placed the twelve greatest men in the following order:

King Edward VII., General Booth, Lord Lister, Count Tolstoy, Lord Cromer, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Rev. R. J. Campbell, the German Emperor, Mark Twain, Lord Kelvin, Lord Roberts.

List of Greatness.

The following is the prize paper on the General, contributed by Mr. Howard Blankinship:

"Prosperity is said to be the one infallible judge of man's greatness, but posterity's verdict upon William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, can be anticipated with confidence.

"From small beginnings, in the face of obloquy, scorn, and ridicule, the organization of which he is the moving spirit, has grown to be one of the most potent and wide-spread factors for good that the world has ever seen. It has its branches in thirty-five countries in every quarter of the globe, and its literature is printed in more than forty different languages.

The Glow of Christian Love.

"Through his Army, with its 11,369 Officers, General Booth has succeeded the weak, fed the starving, rescued the outcast and despised, and—greatest achievement of all—he has brought the glow of Christian love and charity into the lives of multitudes who were ignorant of the very meaning of those words, whilst his book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," probably did more than any work ever published to arouse the conscience of the nation to its duty towards the poor.

"General Booth has the Divine gift of imaginative compassion that enables him to enter into the hearts of men and understand their needs; he has the insight by which he instinctively knew that fresh methods were necessary to reach people whom the ordinary churches did not reach, together with initiative, dauntless courage, unquenchable enthusiasm, and marvellous administrative powers; and is not that 'greatness'?"

A DUTCH CAPTAIN.

Tells Story of His Conversion.

We have had a week of victory at Parliament Street, and souls have been saved. Powerful impressions are being made by the open-air work and many are being convinced of their need of a Saviour through the red-hot testimonies of the soldiers. The Annual Corps Outing took place on June 30th, and a very enjoyable day was spent in High Park.

On Sunday the presence and power of God was mightily felt and we had a blessed and heart-reaching holiness meeting. Capt. Goossens, from Holland was with us at night, and gave a very interesting address concerning how he was brought to Christ. In the prayer meeting four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat and we wound up with a general rejoicing.

How a "Hot Man" Pulled a Desperate Sinner Out of the Fire—The Romance of a Socialist—And the Surrender to Christ of a Free-Thinker.



An enrolment of soldiers took place at Dovercourt very long ago, and amongst those who took their stand under the Yellow, Red and Blue were Brothers Bryant and Rogers. These two comrades told their stories before a Thursday night congregation recently, and the "Cry" man, being on hand, he, of course, took them down for the benefit of our readers.

Brother Bryant was the first to speak, and as he stood before his audience, he impressed one as a man of strong will and iron nerve, one who would do his duty unflinchingly, be the consequences what they may, in appearance he is a tall, clean-shaven man, with clear-cut, resolute features, firm, erect carriage and hair that is partly white. He expressed himself with much energy, giving emphasis to certain statements by a stamp of the foot, while his clenched fists and the flash in his eye, clearly denote the strong emotions which rise within him as he gives utterance to his thoughts.

Not so very long ago this man was a drunkard, a bismphemer, a heavy smoker a bad husband, a bad father and a bad example to all around him. He took his first glass of liquor at the age of nineteen, and though his mother's prayers and teachings ought to have restrained him from evil, he broke away from all such influences and drifted into a life of Godlessness. His church was the saloon, his bible, the newspapers, his friends, the children of disobedience; and under such circumstances it is no wonder that he loved to drink to excess, to chew the "devil's cabbage" (as he terms tobacco) and to neglect the duties that fall to the lot of a husband and father. His conversation became filthy, his actions dishonest and his disposition gloomy and morose. In a fit of desperation, he once attempted to destroy himself, but was mercifully preserved, though he suffered for a long while from the effects of his rash conduct.

Through all these years of sin and misery and cruel neglect, his wife stuck faithfully to his side and patiently endeavored to bring up their nine children as well as she was able. Then one day a great change came. Mr. Bryant went to visit Brother Walker, a soldier of the Dovercourt corps. It was a red-letter day in his life, for this comrade gave him such a talking to about his soul that he was fairly doubled up and told his friends afterwards that "Walker was a pretty hot man." It led him to think about his soul and the future he never before, and he attended an Army meeting to seek for more light on the important matter of conversion. In the prayer meeting a Sister came to deal with him and she explained all about it so clearly that he made up his mind to accept salvation on the spot. He came to the penitent form and got gloriously saved. Then he went out to tell others about it. Next morning he informed his boss that he was converted and meant to join the Salvation Army and in consequence he could do no more Sunday work, as

God commanded people to keep the Sabbath holy, and he meant to obey Him.

"Then you can quit the job," said the boss. So Brother Bryant was thrown out of employment for conscience sake.

But the Lord had another way open for him. He went and told Brother Walker about it, and that warm-hearted man seized the opportunity of helping the young convert, "You can start work for me right away," he said, and so that settled the business.

Brother Bryant is still working for the "hot" man and is also working hard for the Lord Jesus Christ and endeavoring to bring others to Him. Instead of drinking lager beer he is now satisfied with the Water of Life, instead of chewing the "devil's cabbage," he feeds his soul with the Living Bread, and instead of cursing his friends, he now delights to bless his enemies and thanks God for the renewing power of the Holy Ghost, which transformed him from a state of darkness and death, to one of life, light and joy.

A Christian Socialist Has His Say.

Before he got soundly converted, Brother Rogers had a good try at reforming the world in his own way. He saw the evils that existed, was grieved at the injustice and inhumanity that were on every side and appalled at the conditions under which millions of his fellow beings existed. Being of a very enquiring turn of mind, he began to ask questions as to the why and wherefore of these things and the more he looked and thought and read, the more did the conviction grow upon him that someone was needed to champion the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and bring their needs before those who had it in their power to remedy them. He began, therefore, to devote his time to organizing concerted attacks of labor against capital, and, as a consequence was discharged from his work. He then threw himself wholly into the cause of the workmen, and became their organizer and public speaker. In the interests of the people whose sorrows and complaints he had made his own, he traveled around, ceaselessly agitating for reform, but, like many another who has tried to remedy evils by mere human effort, he found it all ended in "smoke" and the very people for whom he had sacrificed everything, were the first to turn round and accuse him of selfish and unworthy motives. He had yet to learn, like Moses, that if any man wishes to accomplish anything that will be of lasting benefit to the world, he must link himself on to the Infinite, and in God's time and way the desired results would be brought about. The first effect of the workmen's ingratitude, however, on Bro. Rogers, was to turn him into a Revolutionary Socialist, and no doubt such an ardent enthusiast would have gone on to be a boom-throwing Anarchist, had it not been for one thing. The one restraining influence upon him at that time, he confesses, was

(Continued on page 14.)

Amongst old Canadian officers present at the Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings, were Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ayers, of New Mexico, now on a visit to this, to them, dear land. They look very well, and we are glad to say the Staff-Captain's old complaint, asthma, is much better than it used to be.

The following facts concerning the Japanese nobles who occupy the seats on the right and left of the General in the large photograph are interesting:

Of Count Okuma, Commissioner Nicol says:

"Count Okuma is President and founder of the Alameda University, former Premier and Foreign Minister, he has done much to mould the character of the nation in recent years. He is a man of great magnanimity. He lost his leg by a bomb thrown at him by a political opponent, who was transported for the crime. But as soon as the excitement died away, the Count succeeded in procuring the man's release and providing him a pension. How he got round the law is a mystery to a stranger. Now this great man is devoting the labors of the remainder of his life to making men for China as well as Japan, for at the University are one thousand Chinese, who, with their fellow-students, made Heaven's arches ring with the banzaïs on discovering that he was in the grounds of the University."

Field Marshal Marquis Oyama was the great brain of the Japanese Army in the conflict between that nation and Russia, and although he has seen much active service he has never been wounded. Unlike most of his nationality he is tall and stout, and although a most successful soldier, has no liking for war. He is married to a charming wife, who was educated in the United States. She speaks English well, and has great sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army.

Commissioner Nicol says of him:

"Field Marshal Marquis Oyama, who took his place by the side of the General, in his cavalry uniform, and who, to testify pleasure and sense of honor, took tea with the General and personally presented to each member of the Staff a pencil made out of Russian cartridges, which he had picked up on the bloody battlefields of Manchuria."

An Anti-Suicide Story.

A Pathetic Story.

There is peculiar pathos in the story of the poor man from the London docks, who, for thirty years had been a teetotaler, frugal and industrious, and had brought up a small family in respectability. His son held a position in a banking house in London. Then came a tragic change. The son, in a moment of temptation, gradually sold up his home, and took a room for himself and his wife, who died broken-hearted, while he was left all alone in his sorrow and starvation. "Four times," said he, "I have walked across the bridge, looked into the water, and thought of my wife and felt I would rather join her than live on as I have been doing." He came to the Anti-Suicide Bureau, was comforted even by the interview, felt he had a friend, and is now in employment.



THE WAR CRY.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA.

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Comments on Current Matters.

AT DUFFERIN GROVE.

At the time of writing, the Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings are in full swing, and the tide of Spirituality and Salvationism rises higher each day. It is almost impossible to be in these meetings, to sit in that atmosphere, so charged with spiritual electricity, without feeling impressed by these words: "This is none other than the House of God and the very Gate of Heaven for our souls."

Dufferin Grove is an ideal place for a Camp Meeting, and we venture to think that the Camp itself is an object lesson for the management of such efforts, as we have arranged that our next issue shall contain an impressionistic sketch of the entire proceedings. We have utilized the camera; the facile pen of the black and white artist, and the pen of the descriptive writer, each to supplement the other, and to make up for each other's limitations. We expect an interesting result. At any rate, those who will be responsible for the results have excellent materials to their hands.

AN HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH.

We publish in our pages to-day a photograph that is of historic interest. It is that which depicts the General sitting with the makers of modern Japan in Tokyo. On his right sits Count Okuma, now President and founder of the Maseda University, but who formerly, as President and Prime Minister did much to make the nation what it has since become, while Field Marshal Oyama has loomed large too recently in the public eye to need much biography, nevertheless, the particulars concerning him and the Count, found elsewhere, are of interest. Thus, peace and war rallied close to the General's side, emblematic of the universality of him of whom it has been said: "He is humanity's man." We hope, in an early issue, to print some facts concerning the General's great welcome home in London.

SUITABLE SETTLERS.

That the great need of Canada is a population to develop its marvelous resources, both on the surface of the ground and below it, every day brought home to the Salvation Army by the appeals that reach it for suitable immigrants, and there they are. In British Columbia, the other day, the Commissioner made some remarks that will well bear repeating.

"The trouble is," said the Commissioner, "that many people imagine that all we have to do is to whistle for suitable immigrants, and there they are. We could easily bring many people out that you would be glad to get rid of. We would rather go slowly, and do what we do well, than

THE CAMP MEETINGS.

A Splendid Start to the Ten Days' Camp.

THE Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove have opened in a most auspicious manner. The crowds at the opening services—in spite of

somewhat unfavorable weather—were unprecedentedly large, and the meetings themselves have been characterized by much unction and blessing.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombe have been in command from the start, and have been assisted by the Headquarters Staff, the Cadets, and the Lisgar Street Band.

The Commissioner has been in splendid physical condition, and has conducted the campaign with conspicuous ability and success.

It is said that never before had so many people been present at the opening service as were present on Saturday night.

The spacious marquee was filled with soldiers and friends, who greeted Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs with a rousing volley and other expressions of evident delight at having them present.

The meeting was memorable for the magnificent testimonies, which showed clearly that a splendid soul-saving work is being carried on in Toronto. Men testified to the fact that whereas a few weeks ago their homes through drink and other sins were hells, they now are heavens.

Striking evidence was also given as

to the fine results that attend the Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings. Men and women testified that it was at Dufferin Grove they were led to Christ, or into the enjoyment of full salvation.

During Saturday night it rained heavily; also on Sunday morning, up to 10.30; nevertheless the large tent was crowded in every part for the morning service, which was a most delightful season. Deeply spiritual, yet perfectly free; unconventional, yet every detail making for light, power, faith and soul-uplifting. One could not but regard the sunshine that streamed out while the meeting proceeded, giving promise of a lovely day, as an emblem of the work that was being done that morning in many hearts.

The Commissioner read and dis-

THE CAMP MEETINGS. A Splendid Start to the Ten Days' Camp.

KEY TO THE PICTURE.

1. The General. 2. Count Okuma. 3. Mr. B. B. B. (Mayor). 4. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 5. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 6. Baron Seng (Governor). 7. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 8. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 9. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 10. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 11. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 12. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 13. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 14. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 15. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 16. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 17. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 18. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 19. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 20. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 21. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 22. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 23. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 24. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 25. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 26. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 27. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 28. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 29. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 30. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 31. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 32. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 33. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 34. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 35. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 36. Mr. B. B. B. (Colonel). 37. Mr. B. B. B. 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The Week-End's Despatches.

Another Good Week. Souls Saved all over the Dominion

Homes Once Hell, Now Made into Little Heavens.

HE FOUGHT THE POLICE.

Got Saved at the Army and Then Destroyed Hidden Whisky.

Halifax N. On Sunday night six souls sought God's mercy, and on Tuesday night a young man who had been released from jail that day for fighting with the police, came to the penitent form and God saved him. He went out after the meeting and broke a bottle full of whisky which he had hidden outside before coming into the meeting; he is getting along well and comes to the meetings, testifying to God's keeping power.

The open-air meetings are well attended and a splendid work is being carried on. The attendance at the inside meetings has become so large that we have had to hire the College Hall for Sunday nights, to accommodate our crowds. On Sunday afternoon we held our open-air meeting between the Revere and the King Edward Hotels for the first time. One young man from the hotel followed to the barracks, and at night was on the march and platform, and sang with much feeling, the chorus that helped him to decide for Christ, "It is well with my soul."—C. C., for Captain and Mrs. Harrgrave.

WAS WAITING AND READY.

Memorial Service for Sister Taylor.

Captain Layman, of T. H. Q. was at Lindsay for the week-end, and the meetings were well attended. A Memorial Service was held at night for Sister Edna Taylor, who was called home the previous Sunday. She was a soldier of seventeen years standing, and was a faithful follower of her Master. Her last testimony was, "I am waiting and ready." Several comrades testified as to her fidelity, and many were deeply convicted of their need of being ready to die.—E. R.

SPECIAL SERVICE DREW CROWD.

Adjutant and Mrs. Hyde were at Sault Ste Marie, Mich. on Monday. Adjutant gave an impressive talk, and at the close of the meeting two souls sought the Saviour. One had been under conviction for a long time. On Wednesday Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer gave a lantern service, entitled, "Condemned to be shot," at a church in Brimley. The service drew a good crowd and was successful. One soul sought salvation on Thursday and another on Sunday.—M. Murray.

A LECTURE THAT STIRRED HEARTS.

A splendid lecture was given by Adjutant Smith at St. John's I. on June 20th, which was greatly enjoyed by the large crowd present. One sister came to the Mercy Seat at the close and others held up their hands for prayer. On Monday night another

OFFICERS. FAREWELL TO GO PIONEERING.

New Corps in North-west to be Opened.

Dauphin has just said good-bye to Captains Smith and Coleman, who have labored in our midst for the past eight months. During their stay in this place they have made many friends and won the hearts of the people generally. Some twenty-three souls have been enrolled as soldiers out of which number twelve have been enrolled as soldiers. The interest they have taken in matters pertaining to the corps is a source of gratification, they having made many improvements essential to a good corps.

Sunday's meetings were very well attended, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, and we are glad to be able to report the return of a backslider.

The Captains left on Tuesday morning for High River, Alta., where they go to open fire, and we pray for God's richest blessing to rest upon them, and may their efforts in the future, as in the past, be crowned with success.—Thos. F. Steckley.

A GRAND DAY OF SALVATION.

Everyone Gets Blessed by Working Hard.

The Sunday meetings at Montreal I. were led by Captains Webber and Gower of P. H. Q. They were assisted by Ensign Bristow and Capt. Forbes, and at night the city Social Officers came along. It was a grand day of salvation and everybody worked hard, the Band leading one open-air and the soldiers another, previous to the meetings inside.

Staff-Capt. McAmmond rejoices over ten souls for the week-end. The finances were above the average. One new soldier from the Old Land has lately been added to the roll.—Bonjour.

MANY VISITORS.

Captain and Mrs. Miller farwelld from North Bay on June 18th, and Captain and Mrs. Wadge have taken their place. Major Rawlings was with us lately, also Captain Meader and Lieut. Thompson, of Cobalt. Two souls were saved on Sunday. Capt. Meets is staying here for a while.—A. L. Jones.

CAPTAIN CHEERED THEIR HEARTS.

Two souls heard at the Mercy Seat at Port Arthur last week. Captain Harris was with us, and her presence cheered our hearts. Her earnest appeals to sinners touched many.—C.E.S.

We had a visit from Brigadier Turner at Chatham recently. The officers and soldiers from Newcastle were over for the occasion, and we had a real good time.—Craig.

AT THE INDIAN FISHING GROUNDS.

Good Summer's Work Anticipated—Locals to Hold Meetings at Canneries.

The Indians are gathered together once more on the Skeena River for the summer fishing, and we are having some lively times at Port Essington. Brigadier Smeeton and Adjutant Bloss spent a few days with us recently, and we had a good time. The soldiers were much blessed and cheered, and our barracks was filled full of shouting and happy people. On Sunday, in the night meeting, three souls came to Christ, making a total of four for the day. We are believing that a good work will be done for God this summer. Our locals will be conducting meetings at the various canneries. Sergt-Major Auckland and Chief Wallace will be at one place; Ensign Moody and Sergeants Musgrave and Morrison at another and Sergt-Major Tate will be doing special work at other places. The letter is not very strong in body, but he is well in his soul. Comrades, pray for us up this way.—Adit. S. Blackburn.

THEY HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL.

Charlottetown has been having its share of blessings and souls are being saved, while a marked spirit of conviction rests on the people. The officers are good. Ensign Anderson has been assisting Adjutant Sparks. Our officer occupied the pulpit of the First Methodist Church last Sunday morning. Next week our Park Meetings commence, and with the Junior's picnic on the first of July, and soldier's camp on the 3rd, our hands are full.—H.

HAPPY JIM LED MEETING.

We have had a splendid week at North Sydney. Adjutant Carter visited us on Friday and we had a very powerful meeting. At the close two souls came to the Mercy Seat. On Sunday we had Happy Jim Miller with us, who conducted the meetings. Ensign Miller is in charge here.—P. J. Spencer.

HARD FIGHTING—SIX SURRENDERS.

Captain and Mrs. Johnstone have farwelld from Nelson after eleven months stay. On June 18th, we welcomed Captain and Mrs. Laidlaw to the corps. Some hard fighting has been going on during the week, and two sisters and four brothers decided to follow Christ.—P.

TWO MUSICAL ASSAULTS.

We had a very successful team Social at Aymer. Adjutant Smith and Halbrick came over for the occasion and gave us a very interesting musical programme. The solos in the open-air were much appreciated, and a drum-head collection of four dollars was taken up.

Mrs. Adjutant Barr gave a powerful address at Winnipeg II, on Sunday last, and told many incidents of her work at the jail. One backslider returned to God at the close of the meeting.

SLEEPY SINNERS AWAKENED.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller, No. 1.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Miller, assisted by Mrs. Adjutant, conducted the meetings in the town of Tecumseth St. last on June 23rd. They had a most successful time and rejoiced to see all the cross. In the morning meeting a young man came forward who had been a mission worker once, but had fallen through harboring sinners towards a brother. He came to put matters right and was able to do in future to help others. In the afternoon the Staff-Captain spoke of "A sleepy sinner," basing it on "Awake thou that sleepest, Christ shall give thee life." Mrs. Miller gave a stirring address at night upon the danger of estimating the value of good deeds. The Cadets said having a meeting. The No. 1. Band were good service and shouting as much as much Blood and Fire, while Captain Peacock and Sweeney are alive to their duties.—G. M.

SOME CREDIBLE EVIDENCE.

Captain and Mrs. Laidlaw farwelld from Vernon, B.C., and return for the opening of the barracks. Great credit was given them for the way in which they have managed the collecting for the corps. Brigadier Smeeton made a visit here on business lately. Ensign Lloyd, who has replaced Captain's place, held our open-air service Sunday night, the hall was crowded.—E. B.

A WEDDING AT HALKIR.

Brigadier Turner recently conducted the marriage ceremony of Sgt. Dewling and Junior Treasurer McKel. The College Hall had been hired for the occasion and every soul was supplied. The No. 1. Band was present and rendered several selections. Adjutant Parker conducted the ceremonies, and Ensign Lloyd acted as chairman.

At the close a nice little supper was given. God bless the bride and groom.—C. C.

THREE OFFICERS FAREWELL.

Captain Newell has farwelld from Sydney. During her stay here she has been a great blessing to us in prayers follow her to her home at Whitley Park. Capt. Newell has also left us for a short rest. In the farewell service backsliders came home from the land is also going on for many. About ninety souls have been converted during the time. Ensign in charge here, and many of the soldiers and Candidates.

WINNIPEG BAND VISITS HERE.

The Winnipeg Band, under the leadership of Brigadier Turner, visited here on June 20th. They gave a most interesting and powerful service, and many souls were converted.

LIEUT. COLONEL SHARP AT
LINDSAY.

Successful Meetings—Officer's Council
and Farewell of D. O.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, assisted by Major Rawling, Ensign Riley and Captain Ritchie conducted a successful series of meetings at Lindsay for the week-end. Captain and Mrs. Calvert did their best to advertise the visit of the specials and the result was that large crowds attended each service. A splendid welcome was given to the party on Saturday night. Altogether eight souls sought salvation, seven sanctification, and seven children were dedicated to God and the Army.

On Monday afternoon an Officer's Council was held, the Officers from the surrounding corps being present, after which a farewell tea was given for Major Rawling. Addresses of a deep and practical nature were given by the Colonel and Major and a good impression was made upon the people. Ensign Riley and Captain Ritchie furnished the music.—H. E.

HER MOTHER REPENTED.

Young People Have a Successful Time.

The Young People of Lisgar Street conducted the meetings at that corps during the absence of the Band and Officers at the Camp Meetings. C. F. Guardian Mrs. Richards was in charge for the day, and some splendid meetings were held resulting in three souls at the Mercy Seat, including a mother and her boy; the other soul was a woman who had persecuted her daughter for joining the Army, but now repented of it and said she would do all she could to help her in future. Over fifty were on the march on Sunday night, and \$16.00 was given in the collections. The Young People are doing well and deserve credit for their self-aiding efforts for God and the Army.

CROWD SHOWED APPRECIATION.

We are having good meetings at Sherbrooke. The Open-air being especially interesting. A large crowd, including bandmen and visitors from across the line, listened to the songs and testimonies Sunday night and showed their appreciation of the S. A. Work in a practical way. Our Brass Band, although only in its infancy, is already adding interest to the corps. The singing Band is also doing good service.—Mate.

THE CAMP MEETINGS AT DUFFERIN GROVE.

(Continued from page 9.)

their ebullient Salvationism.

At night the crowd was again very large, and seeing there were no other attractions in the Grove but the Salvation Army, it spoke well for the popularity of the Camp Meetings.

It was a hallowed season; a time of great spiritual power. Each speaker seemed to feel the solemnity of the hour and God was very near, and at the close 83 were found at the Mercy Seat, making a total of 66 since the start.

The first days of the Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings have been crowned with blessings, glory to God, and we have arranged to publish in our next issue a descriptive account of the entire proceedings as they appeared to one who attended the camp for the first time. There will also be a number of sketches and photographs depicting characteristic scenes.

A LOOK!

BY THE CHIEF
OF THE STAFF.



OW much may be in a look. One glance can tell of a world of Hate! One look may reveal a Lifetime of Love!

One gave may bring a heart-break of sorrow! It is something of that kind which must happen when men and women, who have rejected Christ, see Him at last. When they "look on Him Whom they have pierced," and then wish to hide themselves from Him for ever!

And a look may be the token of faith. Who of us has not seen the last look on the face of some departing friend which meant—though words could no longer be spoken—"I trust you—I will trust you for ever?" Such a look was a look of Faith.

A Tremendous Thing.

So, also, a look may bring strength and power in deepest need. Have we not all had some experience of difficulty and trial in which everything has seemed different from the moment we caught sight of some one person whom we knew? One look upon that face gave us new courage and new hope. It was such a little thing and so simple, and yet it was so powerful.

And God says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Being saved is such a tremendous thing, and it includes so many things, and involves so many battles, and it stretches so far into the future, that it seems almost impossible to believe sometimes that it is connected with so little and so simple a thing as looking! And yet it is.

A Young Fellow's Difficulty.

Being saved means being strong to fight against evil. I remember talking to a young fellow once in one of our Councils, who was telling me of his temptations, and asking my help. He was only about sixteen or seventeen, but he was working among very base and vile men. He told me of his filthy talk, their horrible and unclean behaviour, and he said that sometimes it seemed as though he must be overcome. I asked him what he did in such moments. He replied that he sought God's strength, and he had one other great help. I inquired what it was, and after a moment's hesitation, he answered, "I look at this," and drawing out of his pocket a small pocket-hook, he handed it to me.

I opened it and found a tiny portrait of a sweet-faced woman in Army uniform. "Chief," he went on, "that

is my mother. She is in Heaven now, and when I feel weak and tempted more than I can bear, I look at her picture, and that helps me."

And "Looking unto Jesus" will help you. He is there—Look! He is strong—Look! He is faithful—Look!

Strong to Endure.

Being saved means being strong also to endure evil. When Stephen, the first martyr of Christ, was stepping down to a cruel and shameful death, he said: "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man." That look carried him through the agony and made him able, while the stones fell upon him, to pray for his murderers—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

The sight of Jesus did not deliver him from his persecutors, or save him from the cruel stones, but it carried him through. It made him able to bear, to endure, to stand fast, and to be the real conqueror.

Do you say, "How am I to look?" Well, think about God. That is looking to Him. Call to your mind what He has done for you and the world, and try to realize what you would feel if you had been saved as He has in return. Think about the Cross.

"Think of all His sorrow,
The Garden and the morrow."

And think of His joy in those who love Him, and the glory and the victory that is to come.

Bible in Hand.

Study your Bible. There in its pages is a picture of God. Look at Him there. You will find His beauties well described, and His nature set forth so that you cannot help but love Him and be like Him, and, being like Him, you will be saved. I was walking the other day in Manchester, when, crossing the road with Staff-Captain Freeman, I passed in front of a wagon and horses. The cart or driver was walking beside the leading horse, and I noticed that he was reading. I looked again, and saw that it was a Bible he had in his hand. I said, "God bless you!" and he looked up with a smile as of Heaven on his strong rough face. He had been having a look at his Lord, and there was a look of love and peace on his own countenance which I shall not soon forget.

Yes; you must Look, and you shall Live. W. B. B.

German Justice is Supreme.

Record Proudly Pointed to by Kaiser's
Subjects as Proof of Equity
of the Courts.

That the Kaiser has lost his lawsuit aimed at dispossessing his innkeeper tenant on his estate at Rominten, His Imperial Majesty's favorite shooting box in East Prussia, recalls the fact that he has been defeated in all the four cases he has taken into court during recent years.

The first one resulted in his being compelled to permit the State Railway to cut a way through his majestic factory estate at Gdinen, and to establish a public station there. In the second the court rejected his claim to compensation for \$5,000 for repairs made upon his tenant's premises at Rehberg, and awarded him only \$500,

in addition to compelling him to bear the entire costs of the hearing. The Emperor's third defeat in the law courts was on his attempt to convict the Rominten innkeeper of breach of contract, and the latest suit was aimed at withdrawing the liquor license from the innkeeper in question.

This record of lost cases is proudly adduced by Germans, as an evidence that Prince and pauper stand on an absolutely equal footing in the German Temple of Justice.

"Death to the Dictator" is now the popular cry in Lisbon. Much bloodshed is reported in conflicts between the troops and the populace. The Premier, Signor Franco, is cordially hated since his dismissal of Parliament last month. He is hissed and hooted wherever he goes, and women supply missiles for the enraged men to throw.

Japanese Sailors.

Cheered by Army Bands on Board
Their Battleship at Chatham.

At the request of the Admiral commanding the two Japanese cruisers now in Chatham dockyard, our New Brompton and Chatham bands had the honor of being the first English Army bands to play on Japanese territory.

The first piece rendered by the band was the "Japanese" March, which, opening with the first strains of the national hymn, also contains some other folk songs of Japan.

One of these strains they recognized even in our European setting, and it was interesting to watch their faces wreathed in smiles. The men had been called together by their officers, and formed up around the bands.

Japs and Britishers.

Other selections and marches were played, and each piece was warmly applauded, not only by the Japanese sailors on board the "Tsukuba," (the boat on which the bands were playing), but also those on the other Japanese boat, as well as by the men on H. M. S. "Triumph," anchored close by. Some English bluejackets, who had congregated on the Japanese vessel, also enjoyed the music.

The members of the band, during an interval in which they were served with refreshments, were able to witness the Japanese officers and men saluting at sunset, to the accompaniment of a number of bugles.

Saluting the Flag.

To close the programme the bands played our national anthem, at which all on board (English and Japanese) saluted, a flag was broken at the masthead, and afterwards the Japanese national hymn, when the saluting was repeated.

The handsmen and their officers were treated with the utmost kindness by the Japanese officials.

In communicating the wish of the Admiral for the bands to play to Staff-Captain John Steele, of our Naval and Military work at Chatham, the first lieutenant made use of the following words:—

"We have read in our papers, how that your Admiral (the General) has visited Tokyo, and has there been welcomed by people of all classes of religion, and our Admiral would be pleased for your band to play on our ship."

They were all fine men, and looked remarkably fit, so that one could not help wishing that they were God's "men of war."—British Cry.

The Admiralty is sending to Australia, New Zealand and Canada, experts to report on the coast defences with a view to preparing a basis for next year's naval programme.

The "Santiago," of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, has been wrecked in a heavy squall, and the crew of ninety, including twelve English officers, all perished, but one man. There was only one passenger on board.

According to mail advices from Japan, work has been commenced at Kobe, on four great wharves, each twelve hundred feet long and three hundred and sixty feet wide, with a space of four hundred and twenty feet between each. Nineteen large steamships will be able to berth at one time. The estimated cost is \$9,500,000.

The Working Men of Russia.

An Article Describing Their Ways of Living, the Wages They Receive, and Their Efforts to Organize.



Russian Washerwomen.

Rinsing clothes through a hole chopped in the ice of the Volga. They said they were paid 25 and 30 kopeks a day.

THE following interesting particulars are gleaned from an article in "The World's Work," by Mr. Leroy Scott, and throw a strong light upon the condition of the industrial classes in the Russian Empire. He describes them as—

A New Class.

In fact, as a class conscious of itself, its aims, and its position, it is only beginning to come into a bewildered existence. Factories in Russia are a comparatively recent development, and date their most rapid growth no farther back than fifteen years. As to the number of workmen, there are no reliable statistics, but it is roughly known that there are about 2,500,000 factory workers, and it is roughly estimated that other workmen and women (exclusive of servants) would bring the number up to 5,000,000 or 6,000,000—this, out of 140,000,000 of population. These workers are not the children of workmen—born with a certain amount of skill in their hands and the habit of rapid work in their blood. They are, largely, the first generation of workers; and, largely peasants, to whom the factory way still seems a strange way; whose traditions and impulses are not of factory and city, but of ages of the plow and of a cramping bit of brown earth.

How Working People are Accommodated.

The system of housing workmen and workingwomen in barracks prevails throughout Russia, and constitutes one of the chief characteristics of Russian industrialism. The *system* of barracks existence mainly to the fact that separate dwellings for factory workers, or houses containing individual apartments, hardly exist; and they do not exist for the very good reason that if they did, the low wages of the workers would not permit of an adequate rental. So the factory that wants workmen must provide them a home—for which, of course, the workmen pay out of their wages.

A Typical Dwelling Place.

This is the writer's description of one of these buildings:

The barracks, which were grouped about a clay yard, differed not from the factory buildings, save that the stories were lower and the windows much smaller; but it is not alone in Russia that the machines are housed better than the men. I followed my host into one of the buildings and found myself in a large hall, perhaps forty by seventy feet, dusky, although the sun was at its winter best, and warmed tight with cots, marked off by little pillars. I counted 120 beds in the room—boards laid upon trusses, a bag of straw for a mattress, a brown blanket, sometimes a sheet, sometimes not. A cot, the space beneath it, a nail for clothes in the wall above it—each was each workman's home. Here and there was a chronos, and here and there above the cot of some workman who had not cast off his religion, as most workmen do, gleamed a cheap ikon; but for the rest, the walls maintained a dinginess uniform with the great surface of brown blankets. On several of the cots, huddled be-

neath their blankets, and fully dressed save for coat and shoes, lay some of the men of the night shift. I passed hall after hall like this, some for men, some for women; and I was shown little rooms, about eight feet square, set aside for married workers. Each room was furnished with two narrow beds, nothing else, and was occupied by two couples. Calico curtains around each bed, symbolized, as in early drama, the privacy of home. The general impression of the barracks on me was that of a Bovey lodging house, though the former was at advantage in the matter of cleanliness; and I had to remind myself over and over that those who lived here were not bums, were not social dress, but but were honest workers who did their nine and ten hours a day.

The Wages of the Workers.

Carpenters, masons, and workmen of similar trades, who in American centres of industry make four and five dollars a day, are here paid from sixty to eighty cents, with about ninety cents or a dollar as the maximum for the exceptional man. In the factories the men are paid, according to their skill and the character of their work, from thirty to sixty cents a day, and women from fifteen to thirty, with slightly higher rates for work demanding extraordinary training.

Only a very skilled man in a very skilled trade, a tereby fine watchmaker for instance, can reach the supremacy of \$1.50 or \$2.00 a day.

Of the unskilled, you can have all you want for twenty-five cents; and more than you want for they are unskilled indeed. The policeman despised of all, belongs to this class, and is paid accordingly—from \$7 to \$12 a month. As for the drivers of the jolting little cabs and the whizzing little sleighs, that take the place of street cars (for Russia is practically street carless), and in St. Petersburg

alone, there are over 25,000 of these drivers, many have told me they do not average \$1.50 a week, and on some days are not the better off by a single kopek. And, as for domestic workers, a good cook gets from \$5 to \$6 a month, an ordinary servant from \$2.50 to \$3.50; and I found laundry women, their hours being from seven to seven, washing clothes through holes chopped in the ice of the Volga, for twelve and fifteen cents a day.

A Trades Union Meeting.

In three dingy rooms, lighted by coal oil lamps, and furnished with rough benches and tables, three Trades Union meetings were in progress. I gave my attention to the largest meeting.

Thirty or forty men, overshoes and overcoats on, sat drooping on the benches and leaned droopingly against the walls—as white and wan a lot of men as I have ever seen. Why they

were so I soon understood. They were delegates from the bakeshops that make the little fancy cakes dearly loved by Russians with their tea. These bakeshops are in cellars, and here, away from light and air, the men work twelve and fourteen hours, and are paid from twenty-five to forty cents a day. And as were these men, so were the others.

I looked from one meeting to the other—at the rooms, low, bare, dirty, at the men, discouraged, patient. So these were typical union meetings of Moscow, Russia's greatest industrial city. I could not wonder how these few exhausted followers of a persecuted faith—the faith that it is a man's right to be a man—could ever hope to break their way through to freedom. But I remembered that, as a movement, they were young; that they are growing in mind; that despite the Government they were growing in strength, even as the suppressed revolutionary feeling is growing stronger and stronger. And I remembered how bitterly stimulating was their condition to organization, to revolt, and when I went away I, too, had hope for their future deliverance.

Band Chat.

The Hamilton I. band is waxing enthusiastic over a new instrument scheme, and the public are getting interested in the matter, and giving practical evidences of their sympathy. Prospects are good for the thirty-five instruments required.

The Ottawa I. Band recently paid a visit to Richmond, Ont., and had a splendid reception. The Reeve and Council gave them the use of the Town Hall, the Methodist Minister wanted them to use his church, and the only trouble about billets was that there were not enough Bandsmen to go round, so willing were the people to entertain them. They went down to get souls saved and do the people good. They had a nice drive of twenty miles on Saturday and gave a concert at night, which was well attended and much appreciated. The Bandsmen went to church on Sunday morning, some to the Presbyterian and some to the Methodist. At the latter place, the Pastor finished his sermon early and turned the service into a Salvation Army testimony meeting, led by Adjutant Taylor.

In the afternoon the church people came to hear the band, and much enjoyed it. Before the night meeting the boys met together for an hour's wrestle with God and they got wonderfully blessed. The Bandmaster, who has had fourteen years experience in Lancashire, Eng., said he had never seen anything to equal it. Everyone was filled with glory from the boots right up. They had a splendid meeting and one soul surrendered to God. The collection amounted to \$35.00.

Our Band at Peterborough now numbers forty players. On June 23rd we welcomed seven new comrades from the Old Land—namely, Deputy Bandmaster Bailing, Brothers Cowan and Brown, from Liverpool; Brothers Maynes, Livmore and Butcher, from Marylebone and Brother Leeman, from Delverdy. They are all competent players and will greatly assist us.

The City Council has just granted the Band \$150.00, and a scheme has just been launched to have all instruments silver-plated. We have just received a Trumpet, Ballad Horn, Fugel Horn, and a Baritone from Headquarters.

Negotiations looking to uniform parcel postage rates have been opened by the British Postmaster-General with Australia, South Africa and Canada.



"Out of Work."

This unskilled workman said that when in work he made 50 kopeks (25 cents) a day.



Road-builders Crushing Stone.

The stone to be crushed is held between their feet, which are bound in rags.

Our Weekly News Letter.

UNITED KINGDOM.

The Chief of the Staff, after conducting powerful officers' meetings at Glasgow on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, took the midnight train back to London, and was again hard at work at International Headquarters early Friday morning, apparently in excellent health and spirits.

Arrangements are well in hand for the great demonstration and welcome to the General, which is to take place in the Albert Hall on Thursday, the 27th inst. The Chief of the Staff will be in command, and the gathering promises to be one of the biggest of the kind ever held in the above-named mammoth building.

DENMARK.

Successful Salvation gatherings have recently been held in the Almindingen Forest, situated in the Island of Bornholm, in connection with the Danish Constitution Day, which is kept as a public holiday. Fully 700 people were present at the morning meeting, and 2,000 at the subsequent one. There was much conviction, and the results were very satisfactory.

SWEDEN.

The King and Queen of Sweden recently celebrated their golden wedding. Commissioner Rees sent their Majesties the following telegram upon the occasion: To Their Majesties the King and Queen: The Salvation Army in Sweden has continually praised God for their King and Queen, and wish upon this great festival to call down the choicest blessings of the Almighty upon their Majesties."

GIBRALTAR.

Under the Army's auspices another tea for poor unfortunate girls was recently given at the Naval and Military Home. The Dean of Gibraltar, who is very much interested in our Rescue Work, provided the expenses. The subsequent meeting with the girls was of a very impressive character. Many were in tears, and several promised to leave their life of sin. Mrs. Staff-Captain Souter, who is accustomed to visit these unfortunates at their homes, undertook to do her utmost for them in the future.

AUSTRALIA.

Commissioner McKie has arranged for the opening of an Anti-Suicide Bureau in Australia. Representative Social Officers in the different countries

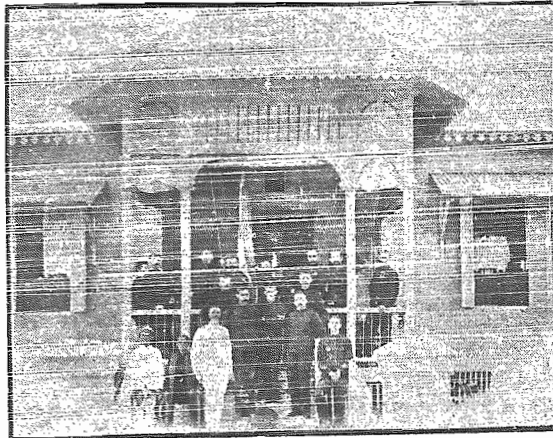
are to be appointed to deal specially with cases, and it is hoped that the success which has attended the movement in other countries will be repeated here.

JAVA.

"The military work continues very satisfactory. A short time ago the men from Kota Radja reported to us the conversion of a fellow-soldier who was enslaved to drink. This man has since been transferred to Batavia, where he now shines as a splendid Salvationist and a member of our League. Another military man, all alone as a Salvationist in his garrison, sells a hundred and fifty copies of our "War Cry" per month.

But from the side of the Javaneses themselves we also get proofs that the work is appreciated. A recent highest Javanes Government Official, recently called at our Headquarters and asked if we would start a school in his district. This request is naturally receiving our attention.

Our social work is doing beautiful.



Naval and Military Home, Java.

fully. The other day we received a letter from the Secretary of a Club which exists to render assistance to pensioned-off military men. The wives of these men, when sick, can be received into the native hospitals, but the letter sent to us was to ask that they might be allowed to be sent to our own Institution in preference to the Government hospitals. This, it seems to us, speaks well for the reputation of our work.

SWEDEN.

The Cadets in the Training Home come from all ranks and walks of life, and from all parts of the country. This incident is interesting.

The Cadet is a married man, from West Gotland. He was converted under the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and before entering training was a corporal in one of King Oscar's regiments.

"Why do you want to go, —?" asked his Captain. "You know you will soon become a Sergeant if you stay on, and we do not want to lose your influence. Remain with us."

"Were I leaving His Majesty's service to take an ordinary place, sir," answered the Corporal, "I would certainly do as you wish; but I must tell you, Captain, that I have offered myself to be an officer in the Salvation Army."

"Ah, well," replied the Captain, "that alters matters, of course. I say no more. If you intend to spend your life in such a work I should not think of dissuading you; but had you been taking up some ordinary occupation, I should certainly have advised you, if possible, to reconsider matters."

The Cadet and his wife are now in Stockholm giving every promise of doing good work for God.

HOLLAND.

Considerable progress has been made in Holland during the last twelve months of Commissioner Estill's command, who forewelled in the great welcome home meeting of the General, for the Land of the Rising Sun. The last twelve months show that,

1. A new Territorial Headquarters has been acquired.
2. A large, commodious Industrial Home for men has been opened.
3. A Home for Convalescent Children, near the beautiful city of Nymegen, installed.
4. A small Hospital, in connection with our Children's Home, opened.
5. A Boy's Home acquired near Utrecht, as well as



An Italian Peasant Girl. Amongst These People a Good Salvation Work is Being Accomplished.

and sixteen had led astray on a solitary road, a milkman, returning home with the money of his customers; had met there two men friends, who stabbed the milkman to death, while the girls coolly held his hands and prevented him from escaping.

One of the girls was arrested—it was Maria! In hearing the news, says Mrs. Peyron, my blood grew cold, and the feelings that filled our hearts cannot be described! To think that this could have been prevented had we a Home!

Lieut.-Colonel Peyron has just returned from another interesting tour. At Genoa he was glad to see quite a number of new converts, including a young gentleman who has had to endure much for the Master. At Turin he met Mrs. Peyron, who spoke in a drawing-room meeting, and also at the Waldensian Chapel, before very interesting audiences. Many of the people were deeply moved, and gave hundreds of francs. A Waldensian minister, who introduced Mrs. Peyron, paid a beautiful tribute to the Army, and although a man of small means, gave a substantial donation, while a lady contributed 500 liras.

The Fellow Who Fights Alone.

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer;
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near.

'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand,
And a heart not given to moan;
He struggles for life and more than life,
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights alone,
With never a father's smile;
With never a mother's kindly tone,
His sorrowful hours to grieve.
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day,
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long—

The fellow who fights alone!
Ah, bitter enough the combat is,
With every help at hand;
With friends at need to bid Godspeed,
With spirits that understand.
But none, say, is the fight to end,
Who struggles alone, unknown;
Ah, brave and grim is the heart of
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength;
Till safely out of the battle rout.
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear,
The fame of his feat is blown;
Till friend and foe in the victor know—
The fellow who fights alone!

—Denis A. McCarthy.



The Eldest and Youngest Passengers on the "Vancouver." The Old Lady is 82 Years of Age and the Little Girl is Two.

Converts Give Their Experience.

(Continued from page 7.)

his wife and little children. How he met her and persuaded her to marry him was an interesting little side-light on his career, and shows that though he was filled with such lofty ideas for the betterment of the masses, yet, he was very subject to such human weaknesses as drinking, quarrelling and flirting.

Where He Met Mrs. Rogers.

He and a chum went to visit his brother one day, and found him just preparing to go to a Salvation Army tea meeting. The brother, who was a Salvationist, gave his visitors two tickets and invited them to come along. After considering it a while they decided to go, but first of all primed themselves up with five or six whiskies. When they reached the hall they saw two nice-looking girls seated near the back and one suggested to the other that they should go and sit near them. That day Mr. Rogers got acquainted with his future wife. He attended the Army meetings because she went there, and by and bye made up his mind to ask her to have him for better or for worse. It was unfortunate, however, that he had such an uncontrollable temper, for on the very day he meant to "pop the question," he got into a dreadful row with a man and came off with a black eye. Nevertheless, he was not to be turned from his purpose, and so, buying a slouch hat, which he pulled well down over his damaged eye, he went to meet the damsel and talk the important matter over with her. Alas! for his hopes. She soon detected the swollen optic and told him he could come and see her later on when his eye got well. The next time he had better success. For about twelve months after they were married Rogers kept as straight as he could, but then the old habits crept back on him again and his poor wife was sadly neglected. He got mixed up later with agnostics and free thinkers and imbibed their opinions to a large extent.

A Practical Brotherhood.

Now, what caused such a man as this to finally turn to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only remedy for the evils of the world and the only comfort and satisfaction to the human soul? It was a simple Salvation Army service, but the spirit of love and brotherhood were so manifest in it that the man's heart was stirred as never before. "These are the people who are really doing something to save the world," was the conviction that forced itself upon him. "Wherein lies their power?" was his next thought, and the Spirit of God revealed to him that it was the power of Christ dwelling in a man's heart that kept him sweet and pure amidst noisily surroundings and enabled him to do his part in living for the eternal good of others. "So I became a Christian," says our brother, "because of the practical brotherhood that I found existed amongst them, and now I have become a Salvation soldier, I am willing to be just what God wants me to be—a doormat or a pillar—anything or nothing—only so that I can be a bridge, over which souls may pass from misery to happiness, from darkness to light, from Satan to God."

New Arrivals in Canada.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Walton, who are Appointed to the Temple, Toronto.



Staff-Captain Walton,
Recently Appointed to the Temple
Corps, Toronto.

STAFF-CAPT. and Mrs. Walton have recently arrived in Canada from Demerara, British Guiana, and are appointed to take charge of the Temple Corps, Toronto.

A word or two concerning the personality and work of these dear comrades will be of interest to Canadian Salvationists.

The Staff-Captain is a hale and hearty Britisher, of magnificent physique and pleasant manner. Twenty years ago he knelt at an Army penitential form, at the little town of Tow Law, Durham. For two years he fought as a soldier and then went up to London to be trained as an Army officer. Since then he has steadily gone forward in the war, and held many important commands.

During fourteen years field work in England, he commanded twenty-seven corps, including some hard places, as well as where all was big and bright. At South Shields, he had a corps of over five hundred soldiers, and had a very successful term there. For a while he acted as Divisional Secretary, and then a wire came to him asking if he would go to the West Indies. He replied that he was perfectly willing and so he was appointed as D. O. for Barbadoes.

A Great Revival.

On this Island there were seven corps and he also had the oversight of the work in St. Lucia and Antigua. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Walton were the only white officers on the Island and they struggled hard to help and bless the native officers who were in charge of the corps. The work was opened at St. Vincent during their stay, and in six months they witnessed a most glorious work. Over three hundred were converted including some of the worst characters in the town. Before the Salvation Army opened fire the jails used to be filled, but before long only three prisoners were to be found there; to be sure, had been the moral and spiritual influence exerted.

The biggest rogue in the Island, a wooden-legged man, who was the terror of the place, got soundly converted and is to-day a monument of God's saving grace. After that the Staff-Capt. went to British Guiana, where during the last three months of his stay about eighty souls were saved.

How They Met.

Mrs. Walton also comes from Tow Law, and was saved in the same hall as her husband. The story is quite romantic, and is as follows:

He was only a Lieutenant then and had gone home for a short rest. The future Mrs. Walton happened to be enjoying a visit to her friends at the same time. They had known each other from childhood, and so it was only natural that she should go to hear the lad preacher, who had, of course, consented to conduct a meeting at his native place during his furlough. This gave him a chance to ask her plainly about her soul.

"Was she saved?" The question troubled her and it was not long before she sought salvation at the Army penitential form. Perhaps the Lieutenant did not know then that he was leading his future wife to Christ but it so happened that she became an officer, and a few years later married Captain Walton.

Mrs. Walton is a slim little woman with a very pleasant face and a demure manner. The climate of the West Indies has tried her somewhat, and she hopes that the bracing air of our Northern country will do her good.

They regard their advent to Canada as the opening up of a grand opportunity to do a splendid work for God, and will, we are sure, soon win the hearts of the people.

The Staff-Captain is a great believer in making a special thing out of his soldiers' meetings. Everywhere he has gone, he has endeavored to lay himself out to especially bless and benefit his own people and finds it a most excellent method and one that ensures success. He thinks a real good heart searching prayer meeting is likely to benefit a corps more than any sort of big demonstration would and so he sticks to the old-fashioned ways, and gets along excellently. "It's no trouble to finance a corps," he remarked, "if all the soldiers are in good spiritual condition and I find, too, that it is the soldiers who bring others to the meetings and deal with them, and thus, to a very large extent, the finances

and the soul-saving work depend upon what sort of spiritual state the individuals of the corps are in."

The Staff-Captain is going to aim at making the Temple as live and flourishing a corps as possible, and we wish him every success.

A SONG OF HOPE.

Hope on, faint heart, though dark the
waiting dreary,
Though rough may seem the path
and very long;
So often in the toil and strife grown
weary,
And faint and fainter on your lips
the song.

Still trust in God: it may be thus
the morrow
Will bring brief respite in the weary
climb;
If not—if still must be the toil and
sorrow—
Yet peace and joy will come in God's
good time.

In God's good time! Ah, through the
waiting dreary,
When heart grows sick and hope is
nearly fled,
Yet faith looks up—through all around
be dreary—
And sees God's Bow of Promise
overhead.

Look up, dear heart; God's love can
never fail thee.
His arm around thee still will
bring thee aid;
And though the tempests thick and
wild assail thee,
List to the voice: "Thy I; be not
afraid!"

"Fear not, for I have fought the fight
before thee;
Alone, unaided, in the wine-press
trod;
And through the storm My sheltering
wing is o'er thee.
Let hours of darkness draw thee
close to God."

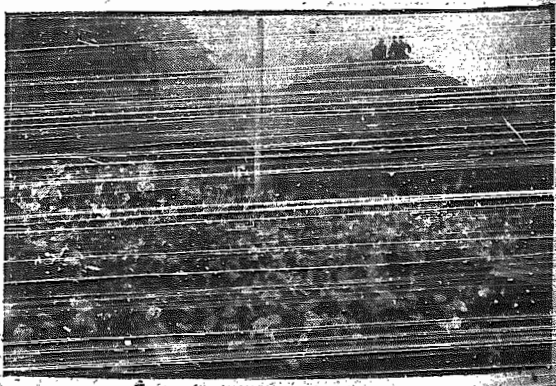
Press on, brave heart, and know
what's before thee;
Jesus in love is watching over thee.
His arm will shield, and His strong
hand will guide thee,
Though strait, and steep, and
rough the path may be.

In God's good time the clouds will
be rifted,
And through them Heaven's glory
be revealed;
Life's questioning cease, for, all the
shadows lifted,
The heart will know what long has
been concealed.

Ah, then, 'twere matter not, the pain
and sorrow;
The waiting drear, the hard and
thorny climb;
For thou shalt know, in that eternal
morrow,
The answer comes—in God's ap-
pointed time.

—Florence M. Craig.

Life would be an enervating matter
for human beings to manage were it
empty of hardships.



General Booth at Moose Jaw, Sask.

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MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, to obtain their freedom, and return them to their homes. We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, to obtain their freedom, and return them to their homes. We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, to obtain their freedom, and return them to their homes.

First Insertion.

5987. LOCKE, TURNER CHAS. Height, 5ft. 6in., weight 125 pounds, slight build, eyes, violet blue, light hair, second finger off at first joint, scar extends down back of hand, front tooth gold-filled, follows hunting, fishing and trapping, also works on farms and in lumber camps at times; reward offered for first positive information.

5990. GYSEMAN, WILLIAM. Came out to this country last Fall, supposed to have gone to the Northwest; News wanted.

5998. PIPPEY, GEORGE. Age 19, medium height, brown hair and eyes, last heard of in Calgary, in March, 1906; supposed to have gone to Billings, Mont; Sister enquires.

enquires; news also wanted of her brother 23 years old, may be in the neighborhood of Halifax.

5991. WILLIS. — Age 50; sea Captain, missing 21 years; his daughter

5990. POINTER, REGINALD GEO. Came to this country five years ago, supposed to have gone to Edmonton, may be in the Beaver Lake district; news wanted.

5996. SANDERSON DUDLEY. Age 15, brown hair, top of first finger on right hand missing; ran away from home in March, last, mother anxious; comes from Galt.

6005. GIBSON, JAMES. Came to Canada thirty-four years ago, married, last heard of in Liverpool, Eng., may be at Waterford or Eilatton, has two children; John, born in Sept. 1882, Alice, March, 1882, news wanted.

6020. HONNER, JOS. PATRICK. Age 39, brown hair, grey eyes; left Belfast for Winnipeg Aug. 26, 06; wife anxious for news.

6018. DUNCAN, CASSY. Age 20, height 5ft. 5in., grey eyes, dark brown hair, wore dark skirt and light coat, has her baby with her, age 1 year, left her home in Sussex, N.B., in May last; may have gone to Boston.

60 3. HORSFIELD, ALLAN G. Age 2, height 5ft., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes, last heard of in Benito, Man., April 7th, 1906; mother very anxious for news.

6 12. BODY, GEORGE. Age 38, middle height, light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, has few marks on forehead left by chicken-pox. Last heard of in Wellwood, Man. Was also in Winnipeg in 1905. News wanted.

6009. NEIL, ALEXANDER. Age 22; was sent as a boy by Dr. Barnardo to Canada fourteen years ago. Brother very anxious for news.

6004. WEST, ERNEST. Age 33 years; light brown hair and mustache; blue eyes; medium build; height 5 ft. 11in. Last heard of in Calgary in June, 1906.

6000. NILSEN, RASMUS MATHIAS. Age 29; Norwegian; light complexion; sailor; last heard of in 1905. Sister anxious for news.

6001. KJARBOE, SIGVALD. Age 23; Norwegian; light complexion. Last heard of in 1905. Was then near Winnipeg.

6003. PAYSON, HORACE. Age 34; height 5 ft. 8 in. Left Boston 12 years ago. Parents in Deep Brook, Annapolis, N.S., anxious for news. May have gone to the States.

Songs for All Meetings.

Holiness.

Tune.—How much can you suffer? 240; Song Book, 780.

1 How much can you suffer for Jesus?

In His service how much can you lose?

At His feet will you still kneel adoring,

And the cross which He gives you refuse?

Chorus.

I dare, Lord, I dare, Lord,
I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
There are plenty His wonders to praise!

Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner upraise?

How much will you suffer for Jesus?
For the hate of His cause is the same;

Would you seek to gain by His sufferings,
Whilst shirking a share in His shame?

Great Farewell of

COLONEL and MRS. KYLE

THE TEMPLE, TORONTO,

On Thursday, July 13th, at 8 p.m.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in Command

THE CITY FORCES WILL UNITE.

How much will you suffer for Jesus?

On the way to the crown He will give,

There are cruel deceivers and slanderers,

A life on these terms can you live?

Tunes.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, 34;
Manchester, 47; Song Book, No. 326.

2 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who died on Mount Calvary!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah,
Amen!

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to These are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And abides its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The Conqueror of death.

Experience.

Tune.—Fountain Drinking, B. J. 43;
Song Book, No. 292.

3 Of Him Who did salvation bring—

I'm at the fountain drinking—

I could for ever think and sing;

I'm on my journey home.

Chorus.

Glory to God!

I'm at the fountain drinking;

Glory to God!

I'm on my journey home.

Ask but His grace, and let His given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to Heaven.

Though sin and sorrow wound your soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

Tunes.—Darwell's, 77; Majesty, 78;
Song Book, No. 324.

4 Let earth and Heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;

How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

I must from God be driven
Or with my Saviour dwell,
Must come at His command to Heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

Tunes.—Haste away to Jesus, 36;
Song Book, No. 146.

6 The angel of the Lord shall stand
While thousand thunders roar,
And swear, by Heaven's eternal throne,
That time shall be no more;
The earth and everything therein
Shall melt with fervent heat,
And sinners found still in their sin
Will have their God to meet.

Chorus.

Haste away to Jesus—
Oh, hear the warning cry!
Haste away to Jesus,
For death is drawing nigh.

In vain they'll cry for rocks to hide
Them from Jehovah's face;
But, cursed by sin, they'll be denied—
They'll have no hiding-place.
Before God's bar we all must go,
And hear the sentence given,
"Depart ye cursed into hell!"
Or, "Come with Me to Heaven!"

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Matier.—Lamington, July 13-15; Kingsville, July 16, 17; Windsor, July 18, 19; Essex, July 20-22; Bothwell, July 23, 24; Chatham, July 25, 26; Dresden, July 27-29; Wallenburg, July 30, 31; Sarnia, Aug. 1, 2; Thadford, Aug. 3-5; Forest, Aug. 6, 7; Petrolia, Aug. 8, 9; Strathroy, Aug. 10-12; Stratford, Aug. 13, 14; Clinton, Aug. 15; Seaford, Aug. 16; Goderich, Aug. 17-19; Wingham, Aug. 20, 21; Listowel, Aug. 22, 23; Palmerston, Aug. 24-26; Guelph, Aug. 27-29; Hespeler, Aug. 30, 31.

Captain Hurd.—Montreal V., July 13, 14, 15; Montreal II., July 17, 18; Montreal VI., July 19, 20, 21; Montreal III., 22; Montreal IV., 23, 24, 25; Captain Davey.—Calgary, July 12, 18; Wetaskiwin, July 19-21; Edmonton, July 22-24; Saskatoon, 25-27; Prince Albert, July 31, August 1; Tisdale Colony, 3, 4; Dauphin, 5; Neepawa, 6-11; Brandon, 12-14; Portage la Prairie, 15-18; Winnipeg, 19.

Captain Ash.—Kentville, July 13, 14; Canning, July 15, Windsor, July 16, and 17; Halifax I., July 18; Dartmouth, July 19; Halifax II., July 20, 21; Halifax III., July 22; Dartmouth, July 24; London, July 25, 26; Truro, July 27, 28; New Aberdeen, July 31, August 1; Clon Bay, Aug. 2-4; Louisburg, Aug. 5; Digby, Aug. 6; Dominion, Aug. 7; N. Sydney, Aug. 8, 9; Sydney Mines, Aug. 10, 11; Sydney Mines II., Aug. 12; Port Hood, Aug. 13; Inverness, Aug. 14, 15; New Glasgow, Aug. 16-18; Stellarton, Aug. 19; Westville, Aug. 20; Charlottetown, Aug. 21, 22; Summerside, Aug. 23-25; Sackville, Aug. 26, 27; Amherst, Aug. 28, 29; Springhill, Aug. 30, 31, September 1.

Captain Tiller.—New Bedford, July 12-14; Engleheart, July 15, 16; Hallowbury, July 17, 18; Cobalt, July 19-21; North Bay, July 22, 23; Sturgeon Falls, July 24, 25; Sudbury, July 26-28; Soo, Mich., July 29, 31; Soo, Ont., Aug. 1-6; Midland, Aug. 7, 8; Parry Sound, Aug. 9-11; Huntsville, Aug. 12, 13; Bracebridge, Aug. 14, 15; Gravenhurst, Aug. 16; Orillia, Aug. 17-19; Fenelon Falls, Aug. 20; Kilmount, Aug. 21; Ireland, Aug. 22.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND

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